Conditioned Stimulus

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10403775.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Encephalitis the dog - Character
Additional Tags:	Will Loves Hannibal, Will Graham Loves His Dogs, Hannibal Loves Will, Manipulative Will Graham, Classical Music, Classical conditioning, Choking, Dorks in Love, Vague Threats of Murder But in a Sexy Way, Flirting, Music Kink, Is that a thing, It is now
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Fluffy Murder Husbands
Stats:	Published: 2017-03-22 Words: 1,779 Chapters: 1/1

Conditioned Stimulus

by harleygirl2648

Summary

It turns out you can train your husband and your dog with similar methods, as long as they both get a treat. Or, Will Graham is a manipulative little shit who tries Hannibal's nerves.

Notes

i thought you'd all like to know the things i googled for this fic:

-sexy classical music
-fancy pork recipes
-knives used for opening clams
-classical conditioning

See the end of the work for more notes

Will whistled, three quick beats and then held the fourth one, and smiled as their dog came scurrying into the room, nearly slipping on the newly waxed floor before putting her paws in his lap and begging for a treat. He laughed, scratching the top of her head before giving her the treat she craved. “Good girl, Cephy.”

He laughed again as she hopped up into his lap and licked at his face before rolling over, and he gave her a belly rub. Hannibal had remarked how easily Will was able to train the stray dog they had found sniffing the tires of their car outside. It had not taken long for Will to earn the dog’s trust, all he had needed was a few hours alone with her, and a few scraps of bacon leftover from breakfast. And soon enough, he had her inside the house, destroying the guest bathroom as he gave her a bath. Hannibal had not been pleased with the amount of dirt caked in the normally pristine tub.

“We never have any guests, Hannibal, so stop giving me that look like you found *me* on the side of the road,” Will had said fondly, laughing as he dried off the dog with one of the good towels.

“Then you may clean up after her, Will.”

“With pleasure,” Will had smiled, and did so as Hannibal insisted on washing the towel himself. As soon as he hung up the towel to dry he went back upstairs and opened the door to their bedroom.

Will had laughed again as he leaned against the headboard, a happy dog curled up in his lap. “Don’t look so put out, there’s room for you, too.”

“The dog is not allowed on the bed.”

“That's not fair. Pretty please?” He even batted his eyes a little bit for added affect.

A slight pause. “...No.”

“That was a *weak* no.”

“It was not.”

“Very mature. Now lie down with me and pet her, forge trust with her.”

Hannibal might have named her Encephalitis, but Will insisted on calling her Cephy, and as he was in charge of training her, Hannibal just had to live with it. Will had caught him calling her that when he obviously thought that Will wasn’t listening. Once or twice, he’d even catch him slipping her scraps as he made dinner. But Will was her favorite, and most nights she would end up in his lap during quiet evenings. It was times like those that everything felt in place, with a warm dinner in the oven and Hannibal’s hand in his as they listened to a record. He wasn’t used to feeling complete.

“Will,” Hannibal called from the kitchen. “Would you care for pork *alentejana* for dinner?”

“That’d be nice.”

“Excellent. I’ll start cooking the meat, would you come and start the clams?”

“But Cephy’s in my lap,” Will protests. Now, he couldn’t *hear* Hannibal sigh from the kitchen, but he could tell that he *had.*

“Will.”

“Oh, fine,” he laughed, picking up Cephy and carrying her to the kitchen, setting her down beside her bowl. “What, she doesn’t get any scraps?”

“They’re raw, I’d prefer to wait until they were medium rare at best,” Hannibal smiles, tucking back a lock of Will’s hair before kissing him gently. After that he gestured over to the sink and an entire bowl of freshly caught clams. “If you could rinse and open them, please.”

Will nods, picking up the shucking knife and opening up a clam, the fresh sea smell refreshing as he takes a deep breath. Beside him, Hannibal pours the remainder of the marinade into the dish and sets about placing the meat in the pan carefully, turning it so it cooks evenly on all sides. It’s a quiet rhythm between them when they work like this, always so in sync, always in tune. Like a dance.

A slow smile spread across his face as he began to hum a Strauss piece, one of his favorites. And he watched out of the corner of his eye as Hannibal visibly straightened, determinedly paying more attention to the pan than to the man beside him.

Honestly, he shouldn't have made Will's new identity a therapist if he didn’t expect Will to act on it. And by his nature, Hannibal was observant. He could and did sniff out any attempts at manipulation, any chance at swaying him astray. So Will hadn’t yet found a psychiatric trick that worked.

Until they went after a particularly terrible flutist in the local orchestra, a man who couldn't stay on key nor be respectful towards their relationship.

Hannibal didn't even look irritated that Will was strangling the man to death in their living room, even though he had told him to wait until Hannibal was ready. No, on the contrary, he looked entranced as Will’s fingers left deep purple bruises along the man’s throat as he gasped for breath, as Will shushed him gently, almost soothingly as he slowly crushed his windpipe and watched the life fade out of the man's eyes. Strauss’ *'Dance of the Seven Veils'** twirled around in the air from the record player, adding a depth of unbridled sexuality to the scene. It was like a scene from a Renaissance work, Hannibal had claimed breathlessly after they had cleaned up the mess and he had Will up against the oil painting on the staircase landing. *Stunning.*

That was when Will started his new experiment.

It started small. He hummed *‘Dance of the Seven Veils’* in the morning when they didn’t feel like getting out of bed and Hannibal was kissing down his his cheek scar as he stroked the scar on his stomach. Then he started humming it when they were not quite sober and leaning

far too heavily on each other on the couch as the sun painted streaks of orange and purple across the sky as it set. And then he'd start humming when he was feeling bolder, when pants were being unzipped and he slid down to his knees with a coy smirk that Hannibal just adored. Sometimes he'd unconsciously start humming it during the afterglow in bed while tangled in the sheets and then suddenly he'd be pulled closer again and his humming turned into loud moaning as he received soft bites down his neck.

Soon, he found himself testing the waters during the day, during perfectly innocuous times. One time, Hannibal was drawing at his desk in the study, and Will wandered in to retrieve the toy Cephy had left in here. He started humming again, just a little bit of the crescendo. Hannibal turned around in his chair and stood up enough to press a kiss to his lips before sitting back down.

Interesting.

One day he had completely forgotten about the experiment, and he just had the song playing in his mind and so he hummed it absentmindedly while tying some lures at the desk in his own study. All of them had ended up on the floor when Hannibal came up behind him swept all of his work onto the floor and then, well, that desk had a lot more work done on it than usual that day. It had been a very *satisfying* breakthrough.

Will picked up on the crescendo and started humming louder as he cracked open another clam, and he was about to pick up another one when a hand firmly grabbed his wrist. Surprised, he looked up to see Hannibal looking a mixture of amused and perturbed.

"Can I help you?" Will asked, quirking an eyebrow. Hannibal narrowed his eyes just a fraction.

"What exactly are you playing at, Will?"

"I'm just helping you clean the clams, *darling."*

"No," Hannibal says lowly, his grip not breaking on Will's wrist. "That is not what you are doing, Will."

"Then what am I doing, then?"

"You are attempting to subtly influence my actions and thoughts."

"One of us has to be subtle," Will smirked. "And how exactly, am I accomplishing that? *Am* I accomplishing it?"

"By taking the neutral stimulus of one of Strauss' finest pieces, and turning it into a controlled stimulus so that you can receive the response you want from me."

Will just shrugged, looking up through his lashes and pursing his lips so that he looks the image of perfect innocence. He then looks down at the hand clasped around his wrist and then points the shucking knife at Hannibal, threatening but smiling all the same. "Take your hand off of me or I'll stab you with this."

“It’s a shucking knife, Will. It’s dull.”

“I’m determined. I’ll make it last for *hours.* But then, you’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Hannibal smiled then, not removing his hand from his wrist before lifting his wrist to his lips and kissing Will’s hand. “You know I would.”

Their moment was then interrupted by a very nosy dog that was determined to get more food in her bowl. Will snorted at Hannibal’s miffed expression and kissed his cheek before taking a fork and spearing a piece of the meat and given it to Cephy. “There you go.”

“You’re spoiling her.”

“I don’t intend to stop,” Will smiled, defiantly forcing a clam open.

Hannibal made a point of closing the door behind them they went upstairs to their bedroom after dinner, making Will smirk as he fell back onto the bed.

“Oh, so you want us to be alone, I see.”

Typical Hannibal Lecter, neatly deflecting the question by changing the subject completely. “Exactly. Since you have apparently taken up an interest in learning classical tunes, I have one in mind that I would enjoy hearing your rendition of.”

“You want me to sing?” Will asked incredulously as Hannibal's fingers traced across the surface of his iPad, looking for that particular piece.

“Not necessarily. Ah, here it is: Schulhoff's *Sonata Erotica.”***

As soon as the song began to play, Will could not stop laughing. After so many years of knowing each other and barely ever getting a chuckle out of Will, full laughter from him was a sight to behold. And he kept laughing as he leaned up and grabbed Hannibal's hand, yanking him closer until he nearly fell onto the bed next to him.

“You’re fucking *vile,”* he snickered as Hannibal kissed him again.

“There are several who would agree with you.”

“Oh, shut the fuck up. If you want me to sign your damn song, I’ll need a vocal warm up.”

“On the contrary, I prefer the raw power of your vocals.”

“Do you want sex or music, Hannibal?”

“I’ve always been rather fond of mixing the two.”

End Notes

*a truly horrifying (and yet erotic) version of Salome's dance here

**Sonata Erotica (warning: VERY NSFW but i swear to god this is a REAL THING) here

Please, please, please leave comments and kudos galore! I love to respond to all of them!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!